Out of my ſight.

Def. I will not ſtay to offend you,

Lod. Truely an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.

Oth. Miſtriſſe.

Def My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her ſir?

Lod. Who, I my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded here: -- get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon: --Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: --- hence, auant,
Caſsio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies. *Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not ſo wel; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.

Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.

It

It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake,
What I haue ſeene and knowne, you ſh
And his owne courſes wi'l denote him
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: doe but
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd

Enter Othello *and* Em

Oth. You haue ſeene nothing the

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did

Oth. Yes, and you haue ſeene *Ca*

Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and
Each ſillable that breath made vp be

Oth. What, did they neuer whiſpe

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her maſk, he

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange.

Em. I durſt my Lord, to wager ſh
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake: if you
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe
If any wretch ha put this in your hea
Let heauens requite it with the Serpe
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and t
There's no man happy, the pureſt of h
Is foule as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough, yet ſhe's a ſimple
That cannot ſay as much: this is a ſu
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha

Enter Deſdemona *an*

Def. My Lord, what is your will

Oth. Pray chucke come hither.

Def. What is your pleaſure?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)